Dear Robert, 3/28/75

Thanks to the newest adventure in misdirecting what may be done about the political assassinations I got only about three hours sleep last night. Had it not been for Lil I'd have had less. She kept me from getting out of bed the first time I tried. The accumulation here of just letters to answer and books to package and mail is that great. And this has nothing to do with writing, which has been impossible for six months.

I am further distressed by the incredible arrogance atop all this stupidity, ineptness and ego-trupping. From the time you were here, insofar as I know what you have been doing, I must acknowledge that yours is by far the best record.

The amount of time I've spent merely trying to protect all your asses that so deserve to be whipped so hard is in itself a serious deterrant to getting anything done. However, I owe it to my marvelous godson if to no one else, so I've been trying to the degree I can. I spent two hours on the phone with the reporter on the Post who I'd expected to do an entirely different and much larger story. If that conversation held it down, I'm glad.

But after that dose of Stepin Betchit and all the sickening mutual payola early this morning, the only one I'll have in mind is the innocent Robbie. I'll have no further comment in that show.

My real purpose in writing is what may happen to you with the Rockefeller Commission, because something is more than possible. There is one of you that should have an idea but doesn't care. Another is no longer really sane. And you are unaware of all the realities of such things.

I strongly recommend that because you are so uneasy at writing and because it is not as easy as talking that you sit down and tape all your recollections, no matter how minor they may seem, of what transpired. Do it <u>without</u> the presence of your associates, whose judgement will ruin you yet if you are not careful. If he is willing I also urge you to ask Jerry to be there to question and prompt and clarify. It would be best if you can arrange for three simultaneous tapes, one for you to keep and one for each of Jim Lesar and me. You can put any restriction you want on it. My interest and I'm sure Jim's (I've not consulted him) will be to try to see what can befall you. Jerry has a rell and a cassette machibe. You have two wassette machines. So there will be no real problem.

For whatever her judgement is worth to you, it is Lil's belief that Gregory's mind has been effected by his crazy eating. For whatever mine is worth, it is that regardless of cause he is not rational now and hasn't been in any of this. He is a sophisticated man, an exceptional one. When he pulls the kind of insane capers he has been the only alternative I reject. (An old friend of his, a Chicago reporter, told me just today that there isn't much wrong with him that some beefsteaks wouldn't cure.) But beware! you may be the victim.

By now you should be able to look back on more than enough to recognize, if you can depersonalize all of this, that I have warned you often and accurately. So do this or not, as you see fit. But if you do not and instead another essentially chickenshit appearance where it will mean nothing, understand that I'll be without interest in being of any help. I haven't the time anyway. Serious work means more to me than the time I've wasted on this combination of ego-trapping and misdirected effort. The aborting of what could have been so worthwhile!

I regret also that you have kept your wheels spinning so much that you were unable to do anything about the Sony. It was costly to me. I faced an emergency yesterday and had to go out and throw out, for that is what it means, $50.00 to have a second machine for only less than two hours. It is a standard size Panasonic RQ-309AS. If you fome off Mt. Olympus long enough to do anything about any of this, if you can get an inexpensive (less than $10) car adapter I'd appreciate it....Hug Crhis and Robbie,